

## A BIT OF INSIDE HISTORY.

Has to Do With the War Between Russia and Japan.

In Aubrey Stanhope's book of recollections as a special correspondent, "On the Track of the Great," he tells a curious story relating to the war between Russia and Japan and helps us to understand the value of diplomatic assurances and the sources from which contemporary history is written.

"I remember once, being at that time correspondent in Petersburg and being on very friendly terms with Marquis Nishi, the Japanese minister, and one day after I had communicated to that diplomat some news of special interest to his country, he said: 'I know I can trust you to keep silent. In eight years' time Japan will make war upon Russia.'

"My astonishment was immense. 'What,' I said, 'Japan make war on Russia?'

"Yes," he replied, 'inevitably. And you will see that when it takes place Russia will be found utterly unprepared.'

"Eight years later I was again in Petersburg. This time the Japanese minister was M. Kurino. 'There is going to be no war,' he assured me. 'There is going to be war, your excellency.'

"M. Kurino gave a quick, sharp look. He had just returned from the foreign office, where he had assured Count Lamsdorff that Japan had no warlike intentions.

"What makes you say that? 'Because Marquis Nishi told me eight years ago that Japan would make war on Russia in eight years' time.' 'It was told you in confidence. Keep it as such,' he replied.

"At that moment Marquis Nishi was in Tokyo and formed part of the ministry which was organizing the details of the sudden attack upon Russia which occurred a few days later. 'And, as Nishi had said, Japan found Russia quite unprepared.'

## A TOUGH SOLDIER.

Wounds Seemed to Make Lord Napier Fight All the Better.

Oliver Wendell Holmes said that the lamp of a man's life has three wicks—brain, blood and breath—and that to turn down any one of them makes the other two go out. The wounds a man will survive and even disregard so long as his head, heart and lungs are unharmed have been one of the wonders of war history.

Lord Napier had an utter indifference to wounds, and the wonderful celerity of his recovery makes an interesting story. Two of his wounds he had not cared to notice at all in his record of services furnished to Hart's army list.

He was severely wounded at Ferozshah in December, 1845, but had recovered in time to take part in the battle of Sobroon, seven weeks later. Before Mooltan, in the middle of September, 1848, a cannon shot all but took off his leg, but he was marching and fighting again by the second week in November.

Jan. 12 following he was severely wounded in the trenches, but he was able to march several hundred miles across the country and fight at Gujrat one month later to a day.

He was shot in the leg at the first relief of Lucknow, but nevertheless rode out next day and brought in the rear guard, after which throughout the blockade he did continuous and arduous service. At the second relief he was severely wounded, but this did not hinder him from taking up the active duty of chief engineer at the Alumbagh a few days later.—Washington Star.

## Considerate.

"And would you marry me if I were a poor girl, working for a living?" asked the heiress.

"Darling," responded the accepted suitor, "it wouldn't be fair. You'd be doing enough in supporting yourself."—Philadelphia Ledger.

## Health Promotes Happiness

Without health, genuine joy is impossible; without good digestion and regular bowel movement you cannot have health. Why neglect keeping bowels open and risk being sick and ailing? You don't have to. Take one small Dr. King's New Life Pill at night, in the morning you will have a full, free bowel movement and feel much better. Helps your appetite and digestion. Try one tonight.

## Advertisements.



If You are troubled with heartburn, gases and a distressed feeling after eating take a **Rexall Dyspepsia Tablet** before and after each meal and you will obtain prompt relief. Sold only by us, 25c E. G. Moore.

## Captain Dill's Good Luck

Search For a House-keeper Ends Most Happily.

By BOWERS D. JAMES

Captain Dill poked his pen around in the bottle and brought it dripping inky blots on to a sheet of fair white paper.

While the captain's stiff fingers moved laboriously back and forth across the paper his lips murmured different versions of the advertisement he was trying to write.

"Wanted—a sensible, middle aged woman as housekeeper." Impatiently he scratched out the line.

"Damn it all, that won't do! 'Taint one woman in a dozen's going to admit she's middle aged. How's this?'

"Wanted—housekeeper; must be neat and handy; age no object." Captain Dill groaned as he also erased this line.

"Humph! I can guess what Emmeline Hood'll say when she reads that. She'll be around town tattling that Cap'n Dill's trying to get a good looking young woman to keep house for him. Well, I'll cut out that 'age no object.' One thing's certain, Emmeline Hood'll never fill any of the specifications I demand. I've heard that she's the worst housekeeper in Pine Hollow."

When Captain Dill's advertisement finally appeared in the weekly Clarion it was a curt message to the unattached housekeepers of Pine Hollow to come to his bachelor abode and make him comfortable:

WANTED.—Housekeeper; good wages to right party. Apply Captain Henry Dill.

Old Mrs. Pilling, who lived opposite the captain's cottage, sat behind her parlor blinds and watched the different applicants as they approached the snug cottage that almost encroached upon the sandy beach, for it was the last house on the road.

First came Miss Phoebe Harding, daintily neat in her attire, but groping along in her nearsighted way. She passed the captain's gate and walked to the end of the fence and around the corner before she detected her mistake. Then after she had interviewed the bluff captain, who had to guide her to the gate and set her safely on her homeward way, Mrs. Pilling picked up her convenient telephone receiver and told her dearest friend that Phoebe Harding wouldn't do because she was too nearsighted.

After that Mrs. Pilling spent a busy afternoon between the window and the telephone. She had to report that Jane Smith wouldn't do because she was stone deaf—and that Annie Ryan was slack—and Miranda Feitman was too inquisitive.

"I declare, I don't know what the poor man's going to do," she said at last.

And Emmeline Hood at the other end of the wire, hung up her receiver and put on her best hat and sailed forth.

When she reached Captain Dill's house she deliberately waved her hand to Mrs. Pilling, sitting wide eyed and



open mouthed in the window, and entering the neat, white painted gate went up the shell bordered path to the captain's front door.

Captain Dill's jaw sagged when he recognized his tall, thin visitor.

"Howdy do, mam?" he inquired politely, as he ushered her into his sitting room.

Emmeline's dark eyes darted here and there and noted with strong disapproval in their depths the clutter of pipes and tobacco on the side table and the disordered heap of newspapers on the floor beside the captain's favorite chair; otherwise the room was neat enough if one ignored the light layer of dust over everything.

"Have you found a housekeeper?" asked Emmeline sympathetically.

"Not quite," answered the captain cautiously. "I reckon I can get along without one," he added, with a swift glance at her eager face.

Emmeline did not blink. "Why did you advertise for one then?" she asked bluntly.

"I've had rheumatiz in my hands, and I can't do for myself—leastways not very handily," admitted the captain, looking apprehensively at her eager, determined countenance.

"If I was free I would offer to come myself," said Emmeline kindly, "but I'm wondering if you've thought of a woman who needs the work badly. She's a poor widow with one girl that she's trying to keep in school a spell longer. The widow is a neat housekeeper, and there's some as likes her cooking. I never could abide it myself. I like my food real rich and hearty." Miss Hood's complexion testified to this latter fact.

The captain looked interested, yet doubtful.

"I don't know as I'd care about having a half grown girl around the house. Still, she'd be company for her ma, and I would be free to come and go. I don't seem to recollect any widders with girls. Who did you say it was, Miss Emmeline?"

"I didn't say," retorted Emmeline dryly as she arose to her tall height, "but she lives over to East Hollow, and she needs the money mighty bad. Her name is Smith now. She was Cyrus Stafford's youngest daughter."

Captain Dill turned very red, even to his ears; then the color faded slowly, leaving his sunburned countenance pale and grim.

"I'm obliged to you, ma'am," he said coldly. "You've put yourself out considerable to come and tell me this. I'll look into the matter."

Emmeline found that the bluff old sailor was bowing her toward the door, and she suddenly found herself without words at the end of her ready tongue.

When the door had closed gently upon her she walked across the street and knocked at Mrs. Pilling's door.

The door flew open instantly, for never once during that brief quarter hour had Mrs. Pilling's thin nose been away from her front window.

"Come in, Emmeline!" she cried. "What in time have you been doing over yonder? You ain't thinking of keeping house for the captain?"

Emmeline tossed her head as she rocked slowly to and fro.

"I ain't keeping house for anybody 'cept myself and my cat," she returned tartly. "I been to call on the captain and recommend a suitable housekeeper for him." She smiled secretively.

"I want t' know!" ejaculated Mrs. Pilling. "Not Libbie Mills?"

"Taint likely I'm putting any good things in the way of Lib Mills, after the way she's talked about me," reproached Emmeline. "No, it's some one else—some one who lives in East Hollow, a widow woman with a half grown girl!"—She smiled significantly.

Mrs. Pilling's long face grew longer as her mouth opened in incredulous surprise. Her little eyes were reminiscent.

"Emmeline Hood, you never suggested Ann Smith's name?"

Miss Hood nodded triumphantly.

"Well, you've got nerve. What did he say?"

"He turned all colors of the rainbow. I could see he was fagged. Served him good and right too. I ain't forgot how he treated my sister Angelina."

"But, Emmeline—Angelina said herself that Hen Dill paid her a mite of attention—she married Orpha Fenn and is happy as a clam at high water!"—Mrs. Pilling stopped suddenly under Emmeline's fierce gaze.

"Of course," she said to herself; "it was Emmeline that tried to catch the captain, and it's her revenge she's getting now—to go and throw up Ann Stafford in his face."

"Well, Emmeline," added Mrs. Pilling, "I suppose it did surprise Henry Dill to know that Cy Stafford's daughter needed work when old Cy didn't think Henry was good enough to marry Ann—seems like judgment that Ann should so come down in the world as to be Henry's housekeeper."

Emmeline smiled grimly.

"I don't know as it will ever come to anything, Polly, but it was kinder satisfying to me to see him swallow hard over it."

Captain Henry Dill sat quietly in his great chair for an hour after Emmeline Hood had left his house.

It was something of a shock to him to learn that Ann Smith was living near by and was in want. "He had loved Ann twenty years ago, and he had never loved another woman since. Old Cy Stafford had scoffed at the idea of his daughter marrying a sailor before the mast, and the young couple had been parted. Henry had remained away for many years cruising in foreign parts and when after many years he returned to his old home he learned that Ann Stafford had married years ago and gone out west to live. That she had returned, poor and widowed, was news to him. It was not surprising that he did not know. It was only a few of the older people or the bitter minded, like Emmeline Hood, who would remember his connection."

The moon was flooding his garden when the captain, arrayed in his best blue suit and carrying a cocobolo cane he had brought from China, went hurrying down to the wharf, where his motorboat was tied at the foot of the steps.

In five minutes the little boat chugged out of the shallow harbor, rounded the point and turned into the little bay of East Hollow village.

He was directed to the home of Mrs. Ann Smith, and it was not until his hand was lifted to knock at the door in the ell of the cozy cottage that a sudden panic seized him. He was about to turn and flee when the door opened and a pleasant voice hailed him.

"I thought I heard footsteps. Who is it? Come right in—oh!"

Ann Smith and Captain Dill faced each other in the lighted room. Henry Dill did not see a worn and faded little woman with deep blue eyes and a tremulous smile, and Mrs. Smith did not see a middle aged man with grizzled hair and mustache. One saw a blue eyed girl with pink cheeks and brown hair, and the other saw a sunburned sailor lad with roving brown eyes.

"It's me, Ann," said the captain simply as he stretched out a big hand. "Are you glad to see me?"

Tears came into the blue eyes, but she smiled and gave her hand into his grasp. There was no need for words. They had looked across the chasm of years which had so long divided them, and they read eternal youth and love in each other's eyes.

"It's all accident that I came here tonight," began the captain after a while, and then he told her the whole story,



and when he told how Emmeline Hood had recommended his old sweetheart as a housekeeper Ann Smith's blue eyes flashed, for she understood just what Emmeline Hood had meant by the suggestion.

"And you don't need the work, Ann?" asked the captain, amazed, as he looked around the comfortably furnished room and recognized many articles that had belonged in the old Stafford home.

Ann Smith shook her head.

"I had my share of father's estate," she explained, "and after my husband died I came here to East Hollow because my married sisters all live here, and I wanted to be near them. My daughter, Daisy, is growing up. You must come again and see her. She is spending the evening at her cousin's."

To make a long story short, Captain Dill did go again, again and yet again until Ann Smith decided she must marry him in order to get rid of him.

While Henry Dill was doing his dearest courting of his old sweetheart Pine Hollow folks gossiped and watched the growth of the affair with interested eyes, and finally when the wedding had taken place and the captain brought his wife and stepdaughter to his renovated cottage there was a scurrying to and fro to call upon the bride.

"Emmeline, I can't thank you enough for putting me on the right track after Ann," grinned Captain Dill to Miss Hood when she made her call upon them. "I didn't even know she was so near by as East Hollow."

Miss Hood smiled crookedly and said she was glad; then she went forth to scatter the seed of her dissatisfaction at the way matters had turned out.

"Married Ann Smith for her money," declared Miss Hood, but in the face of their mutual happiness no one believed a word of it.

## The Telephone Exchange.

There was a continuous sound of many voices; a steady cadence in which no individual note dominated; a hundred women's voices incessantly repeating brief sentences with a rising inflection at the end, each sentence lost in the continuous tumult of sound. In a long line, perched on high stools, they sat before the black panels which rose behind their narrow desks. Into the transmitters—hung from their necks—they articulated their strange confused chorus. And apparently without relation to the words they uttered a hundred pairs of hands reached back and forth across the panels, weaving interminably a never to be completed pattern on its finely checkered face.

On the panels a thousand little lights blinked white and disappeared. Tiny sparks of ruby and green flashed and were gone. Uttering the white stars dickered in and out, and behind them raced the tireless hands, weaving a strange pattern with the long green cords. And unbroken, unintelligible, the murmur of the girls' voices vibrated unceasingly.—Joseph Hubbard in Atlantic.

Advertisements.

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We want an agent in your town if none at present. Write us about it.

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#### New England Animal Fertilizers

make intensive farming possible for every one because they fill the soil with fertility. They are composed of nature's plant food in its most concentrated form—Bone, Blood and Meat—and are held right there until required by the crop in all stages of growth and maturity. New England Fertilizers are so carefully prepared and so thoroughly mixed that they run evenly and smoothly through any machine—a great saving of time and labor.

If in doubt as to what brand to use write us for information and ask for our book of suggestions.

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40 A No. Market St., Boston, Mass.

## Tobacco Should be Smoked Up As Soon as it's Cut Up

Real tobacco flavor depends upon the leaf being preserved in its natural state, possible only by pressing the leaves into plug form and keeping it in by covering it with a natural leaf wrapper. The natural flavor and strength of tobacco escape when cut or granulated.

Take a Plug of Sickle that is even thoroughly dried out so that when you whittle it off it crumbles into dust, but it will burn and smoke smooth and cool as it has all of its original tobacco flavor preserved, unevaporated in Plug Form.

Whittling a pipeful is little trouble, amply repaid in both quality and quantity. Try this experiment and judge for yourself.

**3 Ounces 10c** **Slice it as you use it**

## Ready!

To make a "batch" of old-fashioned, wholesome, home-made bread, a nice light cake and perhaps a pie or two—the kind of good living that makes the family smile.

All from William Tell and all always good—because this is the all "round" flour that keeps the cook in a good humor.

Extra nutritious and goes farther—a secret of Ohio Red Winter Wheat and the special process of milling yours only in

## William Tell Flour

WHITCOMB, HAYNES & CO. C. W. GRINDAL.

## Another Link With Ellsworth Falls

### Ellsworth Falls Citizens Add Their Praise.

Another link with our neighboring town of Ellsworth Falls is provided in the following grateful and generous statement of a well-known resident there, Mr. Frank E. Fernald, who says: "Off and on for two or three years I was annoyed by attacks of backache and dull pains through my loins. Once I had a severe spell and couldn't stoop. After I sat down, it was hard for me to get up. Having read a great deal about Doan's Kidney Pills I got a supply, and it required only one box, obtained at Moore's Drug Store, to permanently cure me. Time has not changed my high opinion of Doan's Kidney Pills. I willingly confirm my former endorsement."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Fernald had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

## Uric Acid Poison Undermines Health

Rheuma Drives It from the System and Eliminates Rheumatism.

Ever since Rheuma has been sold in this vicinity, the sale of this marvelous rheumatism remedy has been steadily on the increase. This is due to the fact that Rheuma is guaranteed to eliminate rheumatism or money back.

It is a quick acting remedy, too. You do not have to wait a long time for results. Rheuma starts at once to act on the kidneys, liver, bowels and blood, and before 24 hours the poisonous uric acid, the chief cause of rheumatism, has begun to pass out of the body through the regular channels. It is also good for gout and neuralgia.

One 50-cent bottle will prove to any rheumatic sufferer that Rheuma surely will cure rheumatism. Sold by G. A. Farcher and all druggists.

### Pauper Notice.

HAVING contracted with the City of Ellsworth to support and care for those who may need assistance during five years beginning Jan. 1, 1915, and are legal residents of Ellsworth, I forbid all persons trusting them on my account, as there is plenty of room and accommodations to care for them at the City Farm house.

ARTHUR B. MITCHELL.